The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. VII. No. 9. NOVEMBER, 1899. ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Lesson for a Child. Poem. George Macdonald	129
2. Why Study the Bible? Rev. J. D. Sunderland, M.A. (Part II.)	129
3. The Hope of the World. J. Warschauer...	134
4. Our Ancient Chapels. St. Nicholas' Old Meeting House, Ipswich	136
5. Elementary Morals, with Examples. Rev. Frank K. Freeston	138
6. The Children's Page	141
7. Biographical Addresses by the late Rev. Dr. Sadler. Henry Vaughan. III.—(*Continued*)	142

Lesson for a Child.

There breathes not a breath of the morning air,
But the spirit of Love is moving there;
Not a trembling leaf on the shadowy tree,
Mingles with thousands in harmony.
But the spirit of God doth make the sound,—
And the thoughts of the insect that creepeth around,
And the sunshiny butterflies come and go,
Like beautiful thoughts moving to and fro;
And not a wave of their busy wings
Is unknown to the Spirit that moveth all things.
And the long-mantled moths that sleep at noon,
And dance in the light of the mystic moon—
All have One Being that loves them all;
Not a fly in the spider's web can fall,
But He cares for the spider and cares for the fly,
And He cares for each little child's smile or sigh.
How can it be, I cannot know;
He is wiser than I; it must be so.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A Song Sermon.

Lord, what is man
That thou art mindful of him!
Though in Creation's van,
Lord, what is man!
He wills less than he can,
Lets his ideals scoff him!
Lord, what is man,
That thou art mindful of him!

Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where yet I may sit and see
My God and love Thee so.

Why Study the Bible?

BY THE REV. J. D. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

PART II.

Let us try, sober and rationally, then to answer the question, why study the Bible?

Our first answers must be negative. After these we shall come to the positive,

1. We should *not* study the Bible because of any supposition that it is an infallible book. In the first place it does not claim to be infallible, as is easily seen as soon as one begins really to investigate the matter. And even if it did, the facts would not bear out the claim. Listen to a great Presbyterian scholar on this subject. Says Dr. Charles A. Briggs: "So far as I can see, there are errors in the scriptures that no one has been able to explain away; and the theory that they are not in the original text is sheer assumption, upon which no mind can rest with certainty. If such errors destroy the authenticity of the Bible, it is already destroyed for historians. Men cannot shut their eyes to truth and fact. But on what authority do these theologians drive men from the Bible by their theory of inerrancy? The Bible itself nowhere makes this claim. . . . It is the ghost of modern evangelicalism to frighten children."

Historic and scientific inaccuracies, self-contradictions, and imperfect moral teachings,

found on not a few of the pages of the Bible, show that, like all things else in this world, it has its limitations. Indeed in the very nature of the case no book can be infallible in a finite world, or in a world of fallible men. Suppose you read the Bible and get the absolute truth. I read it and get a different view. Is what I get infallible truth also? Here is a passage in the Bible which half a dozen men interpret in half a dozen different ways—some of them contradictory of one another. Where is the infallibility? No, there can be no infallible book until all those who read the book have infallible understandings. When men claim infallibility for the Bible, it is because they do not stop to think, or because they do not know of what they speak. Jesus declared that the Scriptures of his time were not infallible. We had better be careful how we contradict him.

2. We should not study the Bible because of any supposition that it is the only revelation that God has made to men. Granted that the Bible is, or better, contains revelation from God—something which I for one most firmly believe—are we to stop with this one volume, and say that God's revelation is limited by its two lids? Shall we assert of the great universal Father of all mankind, of whom it is said that he is "no respecter of persons," that he has chosen out from among all the nations of the world one single small people—the Jews—and confined his inspiration and his truth to them? Shall we go to all the other sacred books of the world, some of them older than our own, some of them believed in by quite as many people as accept our Scriptures, and declare that they are spurious, having in them no word from the Infinite Source of Truth and Life? I see among the adherents of the great religions of the world outside of my own, earnest and devout souls, whose lives are pure, whose aspirations are high, and whose worship is as sincere as that of any of us who kneel at Christian altars. Shall I say that God does not speak to them in the silences of their uplooking souls? I dare not do that. I dare not limit God, or shut him up within the small bounds of my own thought, or my own particular form of religion, or my own sacred book, however dear that religion, or that sacred book may be to me. Nor dare I confine his inspiration or his revelation to the past. For is he not a living God, with all ages as his own, the present as much as any ages gone?

"In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present worked no sign nor token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?
The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If he that spoke it were not speaking still,—
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty Will."

What is the great world of Nature but a revelation of God? What are art, and poetry, and music, and history, and the soul of man, only channels of the revelation of the Most High? From what source comes all truth, except from God? God's revelation confined to a single volume! Why, all the books that ever were written are not sufficient to contain it. The only book that is large enough to hold it all is the book of the Universe.

3. Again, we are not to study the Bible because of any idea that it had an origin that was other than natural, and within the scope of those laws which are operative in connection with the production of other books. The Bible is as natural as the Iliad of Homer, or the Republic of Plato, and it is quite as easy to trace the causes that produced it. We speak of the Bible as a single book; really, however, it is not a single book at all, but a library made up of the best part of the literature of the Hebrew people for a thousand years. The Hebrews were a people with a genius for religion, as the Greeks for art and philosophy, and the Romans for law and government. Thus from them comes the best religious literature of the ancient world. But all evidences show that it was not miraculously produced, or supernaturally, but naturally. Is not the handing down of traditions, from father to son, natural? Is not the keeping of historical and biographical records natural? Is not the breathing forth of prayer natural? Is it not natural to write letters, and to preserve copies of laws? Is it natural for the poet to sing his song, and the prophet to utter his fiery speech of encouragement, denunciation and warning? Then is the Bible the most natural of books, for of these things is it made up; these are the warp and woof from which are woven its cloth of gold. This very naturalness of the Bible gives it its attractive-

ness, its freshness, and its power. Thus we see the glory of the natural, the divineness of the natural.

In the childhood of the world it was thought that things must be supernatural or miraculous in order to be of God. As the world advances toward its manhood we are learning that God fills the natural so full of himself that there is no longer need or room for the supernatural. What men in the past, with their cruder conception of the universe and its laws, used to call the supernatural, all that, and infinitely more besides, we now know to be included in God's great natural. So that when we call the Bible a natural book, instead of belittling or degrading it, we lift it up to a great new honour, and make it no longer a thing correlated with the small, the exceptional and the transitory, but with the vast, the regular and the eternal.

4. Once more. We are not to study the Bible because of its being in any sense the foundation, or, as the philosophers say, the "ultimate sanction" of religion and morals. Both religion and morals had an existence long before the Bible or any part of the Bible was born. Indeed in parts of the world where our Bible has never been heard of, both have flourished and borne beautiful fruits for ages, and should the Bible pass out of being it could no more cause the destruction of religion and morals than could the putting out of the fire on my hearth cause the destruction of the sun. The fact is, instead of the Bible having produced religion and morals among men, as so many would have us believe, it was religion and morals, in the souls and lives of men, that produced the Bible. And if the Bible were destroyed, religion and morals would produce another, and another, so long as another was needed. The foundations of virtue and religion are laid, not in any book but in God, and the God-like nature which he has given to humanity.

So much, then, for the negative side of my subject. I come now to the positive.*

First, I urge the study of the Bible because of the great value of such study in *Intellectual Culture*. Something of this has already been intimated, but much more is to be said.

It is the judgment of the best critics of the world that the Bible deserves a high position as a collection of literature, entirely aside from its merits in other directions. There is no lack of competent judges who rank certain portions of it with the best literary productions of any nation; for example, the Psalms with the lyrics of Pindar and Wordsworth; the Book of Job with the tragedies of Aeschylus and Shakespeare; the Book of Isaiah and the Epistle to the Romans with any religious or ethical writing of any age. Now if this estimate is correct, we see at once that study of the Bible is valuable literary culture.

But the Bible is not simply a great classic, it is virtually a great English classic. It was translated so early into the vernacular of the English people, and became so soon the one great book of all classes, that it has had an influence in moulding the English tongue, vastly greater than that of any other volume. We may almost say that the English language of to-day is formed on the basis of King James' translation of the Bible of 1611. I suppose there is no other book which the English speaking scholars of the world would fix upon with a tithe of the unanimity as a model of simple, terse, vigorous, and at the same time elegant English style, with which they would fix upon our English Bible. If this be true it is a strong argument for acquaintance with the Bible on the part of all, but especially the young.

But the value of study of this great book as a means of intellectual culture does not stop here. The Bible is not only a volume containing much noble literature, and literature which it presents to us in a style which is our best "well of English undefiled," but it is also a book which in ways more numerous and vital than we can easily understand weaves itself into the whole fabric of our civilization. We sometimes say that everybody who makes any pretensions at all to culture should read Shakespeare, if for no other reason so that he may be able to understand the numerous quotations from the great dramatist, and the still more numerous allusions to his characters and scenes, with which literature since his time, even down to the most ephemeral magazine and newspaper of

* A much more extended and complete treatment of the subject considered in this sermon may be found in the author's book, "The Bible: Its Origin, Growth, and Character." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. See especially chapters XIX.-XXIII.

to-day, abounds. But if with good reason we may say this of Shakespeare, much more may we say the same of the Bible. Not only is English literature of every grade and kind far more full of reference to the Bible than to any other book, but the same is true of the literature of all the Christian nations. I doubt whether a man voyaging through the ocean of modern European and American literature, I care not of what language, would be so much inconvenienced by being unacquainted with Homer, Plato, Virgil, Cicero, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Gœthe, and enough others to make a round dozen of the greatest writers of the world, as he would by being unacquainted with this single volume. Thus we see that a familiar acquaintance with the Bible is simply indispensable as a part of every person's literary education.

But it is no less important also as a part of his art education. Go through the great art galleries of the world and you find that the art of some whole ages, and very productive ages, is almost exclusively occupied with Bible themes. In music, too, the Bible has almost as central a place as in painting and sculpture. Scarcely less is it to be said of philosophy, history, law and institutions. It is not too much to say that there is probably not a nation of Europe or America that has had an intellectual, social or political, not to say religious development, at all what it would have been if the Bible had not been written. The rise of the Christian religion has changed the face of the civilized world; and the Bible, though not the source of religion, is nevertheless a factor without which the particular form of religion known as Christianity could not have existed. How then can anyone expect to be able to understand either the past or the present, without understanding the Bible.

For all these reasons I urge the knowledge of the Bible as a simply indispensable part of the mental furnishing of every intelligent person. I do not see how any man or woman can claim even to be respectably educated who has not an intelligent acquaintance with this greatest and most influential book of our civilization.

If these considerations are true, they lay heavy obligations upon parents. Even if parents care nothing for religion, I do not see how they can do a more short-sighted thing than to neglect to make provision for the intelligent instruction of their children in the Bible. To fail here is to leave at the very centre of their intellectual culture a vast blank, which, unless it is made good in future years, as it probahly will not be, they will feel deeply and painfully all their lives.

Not less do the considerations urged appeal to young men and women, especially such as are engaged in educational study. Students in high schools and colleges almost invariably plan to take more or less study of English and American literature. This of course is wise. But how generally do they leave out of the account, absolutely, the one book which is central in that literature! Usually, too, they include in their plans more or less extended study of French and German literature, and probably the literatures of ancient Greece and Rome. To leave themselves in ignorance of these, they well understand, would be a misfortune of the most serious character. And yet these same young men and women frequently plan their whole five or six or seven years of high school and college work without including in it a single year, or a single term, or a single hour, of study of that great book which is not only more influential in America to-day than all French and German literature combined, but which is, and for fifteen hundred years has been, more influential in all Christendom than all Greek and Roman literature combined. I hardly know of anything more short-sighted or deplorable connected with education than this neglect of intelligent study of the Bible. Can young men and women afford such a serious hiatus in their intellectual culture?

I come now to those reasons for Bible study which bear directly upon *Ethics* and *Religion*.

Man's life does not culminate in the intellectual; it culminates in the moral and the spiritual. The goal of all right education is character. There are no higher or more enduring interests known to humanity than those of religion when religion is understood at its best.

What is the Bible? It is the book which above all others symbolizes this. It is the book which, by all the forces which have wrought out the history and moulded the

character of the Western World, has been lifted up to the supreme place in our moral and spiritual life. Here is the Bible's highest claim upon us for reverence and study.

Do not misunderstand me; I well know the dross that is mixed with the gold. I do not forget that, particularly in those parts of the Bible that come down from the earlier ages of the Hebrew people when their civilization was yet low, there is much that is crude, barbarous and morally imperfect, and I profoundly regret that the people of Christendom are not yet ready to accept, as Professor Swing and so many other Christian scholars and teachers have urged, expurgated editions of the Bible, with these survivals from a darker past laid aside. Some day this will be done.* But even with all its imperfections, it must still be confessed that the Bible is by far the greatest of our books of morals and religion, and the one that we could least afford to lose. Its imperfections are incidental, its good is central. It is Christendom's supreme book of moral power, quickening, incentive, girding, appeal to conscience, truth of life that cannot grow old, and therefore true and eternal word of God. With an iteration and a reiteration that are untiring, and with an emphasis that is sometimes fairly overwhelming, do all the greater writers of the Bible impress upon us the grandeur of the moral side of life—the importance of justice, mercy, and especially righteousness, in human conduct.

As Matthew Arnold has well said: "So long as the world lasts, all who want to make progress in righteousness will come to Israel for inspiration, as to the people who have had the sense for righteousness most glowing and strongest."

So, too, with regard to all that which we call the spiritual side of life—that side which includes love, gratitude, reverence, prayer, faith, aspiration, worship—it is not too much to say that the world has produced no book which has proved itself equally powerful as a helper and inspirer of men here. Such passages as the Sermon on the Mount, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of John, the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the eighth chapter of Romans, the fifth and sixth chapters of Ephesians, the twenty-third, twenty-seventh, thirty-seventh, one hundred and third, one hundred and thirty-ninth, and a score more Psalms, and selections from the last sixteen chapters of Isaiah, are spiritual food as rich as has ever been given to man. They are fountains which never run dry, but which, repair to them often as they would, untold millions have found always full of water for the soul's deepest thirst.

> "We search the world for truth, we cull
> The good, the pure, the beautiful
> From graven stone and written scroll,
> From the old flower-fields of the soul;
> And, weary seekers of the best,
> We come back laden from our quest,
> To find that all the sages said
> Is in the book our mothers read."

These words of Whittier, as applied to the more purely spiritual teaching of the Bible, are scarcely too strong.

They suggest, too, one thing about the Bible—perhaps not often enough thought of—which to multitudes gives it, and always will, if not a higher, at least a tenderer and more heart-felt value than it could ever otherwise possess. I refer to the fact that it *is* the book "our mothers read,"—in other words, that it is a book which has come down to us all as the one great sacred volume of the Christian centuries, hallowed by the most holy associations and memories that man can know. It is not only *our* book of religion, but it is a book rich with the very life blood of all that was highest and holiest in the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the faiths and prayers of our fathers, and our fathers' fathers, and all the noblest men and saintliest women of the Christian ages. How much that means let human hearts answer!

Here, then, are some of the reasons, as they present themselves to me, why we should study the Bible. Are such reasons to be put lightly aside? Can any one who cares at all for the highest things in human life, be indifferent to the claims of such a book? To know the Bible and through that knowledge to come into life-giving contact with its spirit—what can be of greater value to man or woman.

* Two eminent scholars of the Episcopal Church, Rev. E. T. Bartlett, D.D., and Professor John P. Peters, of Philadelphia, have already given us such an expurgated Bible under the title, "Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian," in three vols., published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Hope of the World?

To connect the idea of the future in a general way with that of improvements and an increase in the sense of general happiness seems one of the rooted habits of the race; that what is imperfect now will make room in coming ages for a more desirable condition of things—to be brought about no matter how—would appear to have been the conviction of men for so long a time, that we can almost imagine one of our palæolithic ancestors singing in one of the

> "Four and sixty ways
> Of constructing tribal lays,"

whereof Mr. Kipling tells us, some prediluvian equivalent of "There's a good time coming." Whenever, indeed, men have thought this earth rather an unsatisfactory sort of place which, in Yankee phrase, didn't give them "half a show," they have gazed with boundless confidence into an equally boundless futurity, assured, they scarce knew why, that something or somebody would turn up to set matters right for their posterity,—if not for themselves. Were they politically oppressed,—a deliverer would arise. Were they ground down by poverty,—a period of plenty was surely approaching. Did their adversaries flourish,—retribution and compensation would be the order of things by and by.

And not only are we incurable optimists, with regard to the days to come: it pleases us, in looking backward, to imagine that we really are much better off than the benighted people in former epochs of the world's history—and we ask ourselves, with a benevolent shrug, how poor humanity contrived to jog along without kinetoscopes and wireless telegraphy, with the tacit assumption that these constitute really valuable elements in our own happiness. When a scholar and thinker like Mommsen assures us that the standard of average felicity has never been so high as in the early days of the Roman Empire, we sapiently shake our heads, and pass facetious remarks on learned Teutons.

The same optimism colours not a little of current economics; that the wage-earning millions are bound in the future to work under happier conditions, that the tendency of the age is towards equalisation of opportunities for all, and a list of similar propositions, is part of the creed not only of the party that expects the millennium to be advanced by means of Socialism, and regards the advent of the latter as a scientifically demonstrable certainty, but of the great *historisch-ethische* school of Continental economists, not to speak of the large numbers of well-intentioned, but ineffective persons with whom the pleasant expectation of "things working out all right" is a good enough excuse for not personally exerting themselves to bring about that consummation which seems safe enough anyhow. At least safer to talk about than to work for, which would be a different matter.

When, lo! just as we are abandoning ourselves to the soothing sentiment that future generations will be better off, that peace and prosperity will have descended upon the earth—we are very indifferent as to the name of the theory by the application of which so desirable an aim will have been reached—there arrives upon the scene a clever, cool-headed, unenthusiastic person, who has made a little forecast of his own as to the probable future of social and economic conditions, and begs to tell us that it differs from ours rather appreciably.

We see no reason why Mr. Wells' recently-published problem-story, "When the Sleeper Wakes," should be treated with less respect, or should attract less interest, than the late Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," or works of the same class which try to describe for us the state humanity will have reached a hundred or two hundred years hence. Economics proper no one would dream of claiming the book to be; but it is, nevertheless, an extremely shrewd guess, formed by a man who combines with a serious scientific and intellectual training gifts of observation and an imaginative faculty of a very high order. He would not, probably, for a moment defend as accurate the details of the future civilization he sketches for us in his fascinating volume, for the whole of which he might even, in alarm at being taken too seriously, disclaim any intent save that of whiling away an afternoon by the seaside; yet, even then, the question would remain—Why did he dip his brush into such exceeding sombre pigments when depicting life in the early years of the twenty-second century?

We are here concerned, not with the device, which the author has not striven to render

unfamiliar, whereby a man who is plunged into a trance and wakes up two hundred and odd years later in a strangely altered world, but rather with the main outlines of the picture drawn by Mr. Wells—a picture of appalling economic inequality, in which we behold an unscrupulous and absolute oligarchy, a brainless and degenerate upper and lower middle class, and a Submerged Third. That the Sleeper, in his nineteenth century life, had been a Socialist, confidently counting upon the speedy realisation of his ideals, and wakes up to find a state of undreamt-of tyranny—himself the titular owner of half the world, but with his democratic sympathies unchanged—adds to the interest of Mr. Wells' exciting story, but is, apart from its ironical flavour, not essential for our present purpose.

What is the change to which the author introduces us, and how has it been effected? It is well known that the expectations of those who in the present day look forward to the means of production passing from private ownership into the hands of the municipality and the State, to be administered in the public interest only, are based upon the observation of phenomena, such as the growth of large quasi-impersonal enterprises and companies, the approaching disappearance of small businesses, and the taking over, partly begun, partly contemplated, of various enterprises, such as the supply of gas and water by public bodies.

"This spells democracy!" say these onlookers, and are delighted. "It spells oligarchy," says Mr. Wells, and proceeds to demonstrate. The huge trusts and corners which in America are a familiar phenomenon, and with which England is threatened, don't wear a particularly democratic appearance, anyway; they mean, on the contrary, the concentration of unlimited millions and the power their possession gives, in the hands of small and irresponsible bodies of men. Those employed by, or under the influence of, these railroad, iron and other kings—and the circle of their influence seems to widen steadily—are in danger of losing every shred of independence, and even the possibility of civic integrity; the worker becomes a machine, his personality is lost, he has the chance of working under the conditions the Trust imposes, or starving. Should he strike—we have heard of the "Pinkerton detectives," and of economic struggles almost reaching the proportion of civil war; indeed, it is one of the well-known and alarming characteristics of American strikes that they tend to be accompanied by acts of violence and bloodshed. Given the progress in engineering which another generation or two are bound to effect, and the workman will have sunk to be mainly a machine-minder and feeder, the more dependent because there will be less special training required for his work, and hence larger competition. So that here you have the elements for an impending state of absolute authority in the hands of large companies, syndicates, and similar enterprises.

As for democratic institutions, popular elections, and so forth, Mr. Wells evidently thinks he can see reasons for their practical collapse before the money-power which, in an age more and more exclusively interested in the pursuit of riches, could buy up electors wholesale, and thus reduce congresses and parliaments to a time-dishonoured farce. Greater and greater might thus the concentration of power become, till at last one victorious company, having defeated its rivals and been favoured with good luck, might come to exercise ownership over a country—a continent—the civilized earth, its people their employés, themselves irresponsible masters.

Of the developments following in the train of this absolute tyranny, which in due course proceeds to add the force of arms to that of wealth, Mr. Wells has no very cheering picture to offer. The tyrants themselves seem to enjoy power for its own sake, ruling the people with a rod of iron. There is a fairly large, vicious, well-to-do class, whose sole ambition is to dwell in "pleasure cities," whence returned, in a condition of physical and moral wreckage, they fly for relief to an expensive and much sought-after institution—Euthanasy, the pleasant death. There is also a numerous lower middle-class, ignorant, indolent, pleasure-living, without higher interests or ideals; for education has been deliberately reduced to a minimum, books, which required some intellectual exertion, have been replaced by kinematograph-phonographs, and even newspapers have made room for "babble machines," tuned by the rulers, and telling the people what their masters think it good for them to know and think.

The morality of the population thus circumstanced has sunk to the lowest level, which their "literature" only too accurately reflects. Religion, too, has been incredibly vulgarized, and has its home in buildings whose flaring advertisements promise "Brisk Blessings for Busy Business Men," and invite passers-by to "become Christians, without change of present occupation." A biting satire, the latter: but are there no symptoms of the growing secularisation of Church life and membership to justify it?

There remain yet the real workers, who are simply the slaves of the Labour Company, which feeds and houses them, and clothes them in a uniform of blue canvas; nominally these are at liberty to throw up their employment at any time, but those who have once sunk to canvas never rise again. This Labour Company, by the way, is a continuation of the Salvation Army of a former age, which, in its day, had given "a day's keep for a day's work," and which had been duly bought up by the oligarchs who perceived its possibilities. They have now obtained the cheapest of labour, and are absolutely callous as to the fate of their individual slaves, for the supply is plentiful.

But do these people never rebel? Yes, there is a rebellion, and it is of this that the book treats, but only to show us its tragic futility. For what are the enfeebled wearers of the blue canvas against the disciplined regiments of the black police—latter-day "Pinkertons"—that ruthless negro soldateska, ready for deeds of horror, which is brought down upon the strikers in aëroplanes, and let loose to wreak a savage vengeance? Poor people—poor Sleeper, who woke with crude nineteenth century notions about democracy and liberty; he had better slept on his dreamless sleep, better than wake up to a reality such as he beheld and was powerless to alter!

So much for the main ideas of Mr. Wells'—what shall we call it?—forecast—satire—fantasy, for it contains elements of all these. Of the mechanical wonders with which he entertains us, of the moving incidents and hair-breadth escapes which crowd his book, of his powers of style and vivid description, this is not the place to speak; we only confess that the glimpse of a possible futurity which he affords us, has for the moment shaken our optimism. That there are facts in the social environment which point in the direction indicated by this skilful observer, few would deny; and while the race is speeding along its course, by unknown paths and toward a hidden goal, the wondering question still is—Whither?

J. WARSCHAUER.

OUR ANCIENT CHAPELS.

St. Nicholas' Old Meeting House, Ipswich.

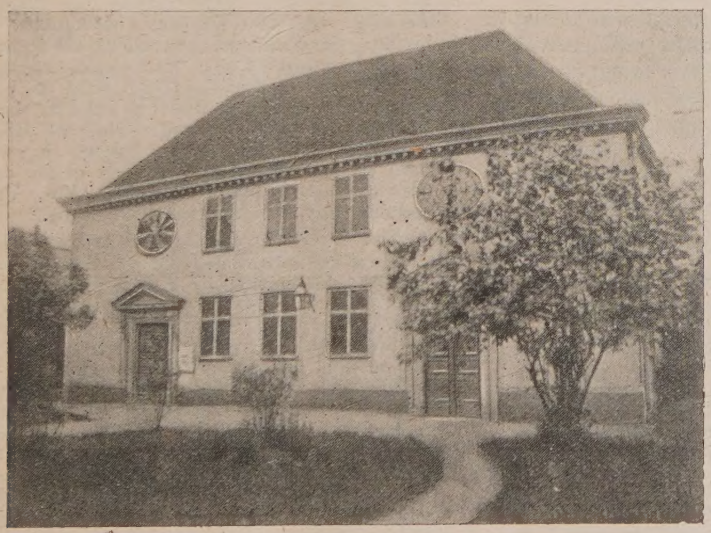
"One of our most interesting Meeting Houses."
—*A Modern Antiquarian.*

This is an age of restoration. We value the buildings that were erected by the piety or benevolence of the past, and rejoice to see them still doing service in the present. But when did "the past" end? Are only mediæval Churches worth restoring? Large sums of money, and much loving study and care are spent in fitting the venerable Churches of the Establishment to modern needs. We are grieved on entering one to find it dilapidated and dingy, uncared for, and out of date. The building loses none of its historic interest, and gains the added interest of practical utility by being carefully restored.

We too, however, have our objects and places of historic interest, and we ought to care very much about their restoration and preservation. It is true that they are young when compared with the Cathedrals, but in that respect they will improve with keeping. Indeed, one of the most marked features of the present generation is the growing interest in the architecture of that age of Queen Anne to which our earliest Chapels belong.

For an object lesson in the interior arrangement of the earliest Protestant Dissenting places of worship pay a visit to Ipswich. There you have the wide gallery round three sides; the long pillars supporting the hipped roof; the high pulpit and the reading desk, and the square, upright, and closed pews. Notice, too, how those pews mass themselves on either side, leaving a

wide, open space in the best position—viz., immediately in front of the pulpit. That was not a matter of caprice. It was vital, for there stood the long Communion Table in the very centre of the Chapel, and round it, family-wise, gathered the communicants in a fashion as far as possible removed from the kneeling altar rails. But what stiff backs our forefathers must have had to sit for hours cramped in these pews. A few years ago, the story runs, when there were special services and crowded congregations there two men sat opposite to one another and the door of the pew was shut, and one faced the minister and the other faced the wall. A book



fell, as books will fall in the best regulated pews, one stooped to pick it up, and, unfortunately, so did the other, and two heads met with an audible sound, and two men vehemently asserted their determination never to enter that Chapel again. Perhaps Dr. Watts's hymn books never fell, or perhaps the heads that sang out of them were harder than those of their degenerate descendants.

It is interesting to recall the spirit in which the Meeting Houses of this date were erected. Here is an extract from the sermon which was preached by that fine old Suffolk Bartholomew, John Fairfax, at the opening of this chapel, on April 26th, 1700: "Let none think that I have spoken a word to the derogation of the honour of those stately, magnificent, and sumptuous structures, our public Churches, which the Christian piety and liberality of former ages erected for the convenient assembling of particular congregations in their parochial districts. No, no. *Had we the liberty of those places we should seek no other.* But those doors being shut against us, it is our necessity and not our choice to worship God as conveniently as we can in meaner places with a good conscience." There spoke at once the comprehension and conscience of the Presbyterians. There spoke also their comparative poverty. The framework of this building is of wood, and the walls of lath and plaster—the cheapest materials procurable. The contract still exists, and shows the cost to have been just £247, and "four barrels of good small beer for the servants to drink whilst employed on the said building."

Perhaps it was "a mean place" when compared with the fine parochial Churches of Ipswich, but certainly it was built in no mean spirit; for listen again to the preacher: "Yet in these meaner places I think we ought to have regard to God, to His worship and Church, and build in some measure answerable and becoming, according to our ability. I cannot censure, as some do, but must commend this congregation that they have, at so great a charge, erected this large, spacious meeting place, and adorned it both without and within. It is but reasonable that a house for God and His solemn service should equal, if not exceed our own habitation." Here is the very principle surely that should silence any cavillers against renovation to-day—the House of God should at least equal our own habitation in comfort, convenience, and adornment.

But it was in fear also that this house was raised. "It may possibly come to pass, whereof past experience is a convincing argument, that

you may not be suffered by the magistrate to use it as you do this day." These dissenters did not know the day on which a turn of the political wheel might undo the Act of Toleration and drive them back into the old black days again. Very well, however! "If any, for your so using it, shall confiscate this place to public civil use, *ipse viderint!*"—upon their heads be it, we have cleared our conscience. And, indeed, if tradition speak true, those fears were not unwarranted, if not from the magistrates, at any rate from popular outbreaks; for the visitor is shown a small hole in one of the doors, through which those within might peep to see if the way was clear before departing, or if the person approaching was a friend or an enemy.

Such a building as this at Ipswich will attract round it more and more historic sentiment as time goes on. It will one day be a pride and glory to us, if it is not now; and its preservation in fit condition for public use ought to be the care of the whole of our body.

W. I.

Elementary Morals, with Examples.

LESSONS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

II. VERACITY.

I. SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS LESSON.—The first requirement of character is that it shall be sincere. Sincerity is of first importance because it concerns our motives, desires, or thoughts. It is, therefore, the source from which other virtues rise.

II. SINCERITY LEADS TO VERACITY.—Next in importance to "truth in the inward parts" is truth on the lips. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," implies as well "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." The words of our mouths must correspond to the meditations of our hearts and, like these, be governed by conscience and justice. Truth-*thinking* must be followed by truth-*speaking*. This truthfulness of speech, when practised habitually, is called *Veracity*. Truth belongs to the statement; Veracity to the person who makes it. Truth applies to fact, or reality; Veracity is a personal quality.

III. VERACITY IS A BOUNDEN DUTY.—It is a duty to our own integrity, if we are to keep our self-respect, and sense of right. It is a duty to society, if we are to believe the words of others, and be believed ourselves. Without mutual trust and truthful speech, society would fall to pieces; where these have been ignored or forgotten, the nation has fallen, as did ancient Rome. It is a duty to our country, even in the subtlest diplomacy. We should make it our national pride that "an Englishman's word is his bond," whether with his neighbour, or with the foreigner.

> MACAULAY ON CLIVE'S UNVERACITY.—Lord Clive, the Conqueror of India, told a lie and deceived his enemy by drawing up a false treaty. On this Macaulay remarks very truly: "English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and preserve our Oriental Empire than *English Veracity*. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries, which have been employed against us, is as nothing compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the 'Yea, Yea' and the 'Nay, Nay' of the British Envoy."
>
> EMERSON ON THE ENGLISH NATION.—When Emerson had visited England a second time, he described his impressions in "English Traits." One of the strongest traits he then deemed to be English Veracity. "Their practical power rests," he says, "on their national sincerity. Veracity derives from instinct, and marks superiority in organisation. The English are blunt in saying what they think, sparing of promises, and they require plain dealing of others. We will not have to do with a man in a mask. Let us know the truth; draw a straight line, hit whom and where it will." Alfred, whom the affection of the nation makes the type of their race, is called by a writer at the Norman Conquest the *truth-speaker: Alueredus Veridicus*. Geoffrey of Monmouth says of King Aurelius, uncle of Arthur, that, "above all things he hated a lie." The Northman Guttovin said to King Olaf, "it is royal work to fulfil royal words." To be king of their word is their pride. Emerson further quotes the saying that, "whenever they met an Englishman, they found a man who would speak the truth." May we still be worthy of Alfred, our King, and of this good opinion.

IV. VERACITY SPEAKS THE TRUTH—ALWAYS.—There are those who are careful to speak the strict truth on special occasions, but who are careless about it in ordinary affairs. They do not intentionally say what is false, but, through indifference, or negligence, say whatever comes

and do not consider their words. But this lazy inaccuracy is a serious fault, a bad habit, which should be guarded against from the very first. Children in the home often mix up a little truth with so much imagination that it is difficult to separate fact from fiction. Boys at school fall into the idea that it is of no matter to tell "fibs" to the master. Tradesmen in business loosely make promises to execute orders by a certain day or hour, when they are far from sure that they can keep their word. In social intercourse, people tell "white lies" which perhaps are not entirely false, but are, in themselves, likely to introduce others of darker hues. In the law courts, far too frequently, a witness commits flat perjury, hoping to shield another thereby, or to himself escape penalty, despite his oath to "speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Veracity speaks the truth—always and accurately.

GOOD EXAMPLE AND GOOD ADVICE.—In many places, and under various circumstances, Boswell bears weighty testimony to Dr. Johnson's strict and scrupulous veracity. "Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to it that even in his common conversation the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of everything that he told, however it might have been doubted if told by many others."

"Accustom your children," said he, "constantly to this—a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them. You do not know where deviation from truth will end. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

"A SHAME TO TELL ARNOLD A LIE."—One of Dr. Arnold's chief means of gaining the confidence of his Rugby boys was never to cast doubt on what any one of them asserted. "If you say so," was his prompt reply, "that is quite enough: of *course* I believe your word." There thus grew up a feeling in the school generally that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie: he always believes one." But if any boy was detected in a falsehood he was rebuked and punished, or even expelled, as a warning to the scholars assembled. "It is not necessary," he exclaimed on one such occasion, "that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

WHITE LIES.—"I'm *so* glad to see you (but I wish you were a mile off)." "*Do* stay (but how I wish you'd go)." "Come again, I shall so enjoy it (but may it be a long day before you do)." "How fine your sermon was to-day (but really it was very commonplace)." Then conscience protests: "What did you say that for?" "Why, I had to say something." Not that, however, if you did not think it in truth. No man has learned to speak the truth till he has learned to hold his tongue. A great many of the lies of convenience come from the indulgence of a foolish propensity to gabble.—*Dr. Whiton.*

V. VERACITY SPEAKS THE WHOLE TRUTH.—It is possible to speak the truth in all good faith and yet to misrepresent it by an incomplete statement. It is possible to speak the truth in bad faith, and in so doing to produce an intentionally false impression. The former arises from laying too much stress on certain parts, or putting the emphasis in the wrong place; the latter proceeds by fraudulently keeping back some material fact in order to influence the verdict. In neither case does the whole truth come out, but only an imperfect or mutilated part. The fault of the one is casual misrepresentation; the fault of the other is wilful deception. We should be on our guard against both. Veracity speaks "the whole truth."

"ENORMOUS STRESS UPON TRUTH."—Dr. Henry Morley, the well-known and much-loved professor of Literature, began his career as a doctor, and then a schoolmaster. When announcing his school plans he wrote as follows:—"I shall lay at the outset and throughout *enormous stress upon truth.* It is transgressed against miserably in almost every school, and the want of it would poison my whole plan. I shall exact a promise of perfect truthfulness in all school relations. We must all trust each other, and if any boy cannot maintain a strictly truthful character I shall dismiss him from the school altogether." He had only once to take this course.

A GRAVE IMPEACHMENT.—"Complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Even those who regard themselves as absolutely truthful are daily guilty of over-statements and under-statements. . . . After much vehement talk about 'the veracities' will come utterly unveracious accounts of things and people—accounts made unveracious by the use of emphatic words where ordinary words alone are warranted: pictures, of which the outlines are correct, but the lights and shades and colours are doubly and trebly as strong as they should be."—*Spencer* (*Principles of Ethics*).

VI. VERACITY SPEAKS NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.—It is so easily possible, again, when speaking the truth in words alone, to yet do it

in such an insidious manner, or with such a treacherous gesture, that the hearer does not receive it pure, but an adulterated mixture. It is the verbal truth, no doubt, but with something added to it—a little pleasant plausibility, or harmless hypocrisy, so we say; or even hollow mockery. All such additions are impurities, smirches, stains, which spot the clear mirror of our thought. They are blots on truth's white page, and not easy to erase. Veracity is thereby injured permanently, and goes down in worth. Veracity speaks nothing but the truth.

OCCASIONS OF OFFENCE.—"Truth forgives no insult and endures no stain. We do not enough consider this; nor enough dread the slight and continual occasions of offence against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute is indeed only at deceit malicious. We recent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny, nor treachery, that do the largest sum of mischief in the world. But it is the glistening and softly-spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partizan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity."—*Ruskin.*

VII. VERACITY DOES NOT EXAGGERATE.—Apart from the lie direct, there are three side ways by which truth is turned into falseness. These are in turn *Exaggeration*, *Equivocation*, *Prevarication*.

To speak *more* than the whole truth is to *exaggerate*. It is, as the word literally implies, to "heap up" one's assertions beyond the real facts of the case; it is, in the apt phrase of a slang expression, to "pile it on;" it is to "draw the long bow," *i.e.*, to stretch out your statement further than strict truth will warrant. Whenever we thus overstate, or magnify, we may do it intentionally in order to deceive others; or unintentionally, in which case we also deceive ourselves. The first is a distinct form of falsehood which should be more sternly condemned; the second is a bad habit which we should be more on our guard to avoid. We use high-sounding adjectives, like "gorgeous" and "tremendous," when humbler words would be nearer the facts. We indulge in "infinites" and superlatives when speaking of merely finite and comparative matters. We employ the word "very" too frequently and even underline it, when to altogether omit it would be truer to our thought. Hence we lessen our appreciation of proportion, or even lose all accurate sense of minutely varying degrees of excellence.

EXAMPLES FROM FICTION. — Falstaff's "four rogues in buckram" became, successively, seven, nine, and then eleven, in the course of his story, but they were only two in reality.

The "three black crows" were traced back in turn to two, then one, and ultimately, to something merely "as black as a crow."

Philip Pirrip, called "Pip," the hero and narrator of Dickens' *Great Expectations*, having visited, when a boy, the home of the heroine of the story, exaggerates his descriptions of the house and its occupants in order to astound his hearers and assert his own importance. But Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, effectually checks the mischief. "Lookee here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. If you can't get to be oncommon through going straight, you'll never do it by going crooked. So don't tell no more on 'em, Pip, and live well and die happy."

Little Leonard, in Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth*, had for some time shown a strange, odd disregard for truth; he invented stories, and told them with so grave a face, that unless there was some internal evidence of their incorrectness (such as describing a cow with a bonnet on) he was generally believed, and his statements, which were given with the full appearance of relating a real occurrence, had once or twice led to awkward results." So, after anxious consultation, a decision was reluctantly agreed upon to give Master Leonard a whipping in order to cure him of his exaggerated story telling.

EVERYDAY EXAGGERATION.—If you only care slightly, do not say you are "frightfully sorry." If your heart is not really moved, do not say you are "awfully glad." If a play is well performed, do not say it is "perfectly splendid." If a thing is merely not ugly, do not say it is "excessively pretty." Because a picture is beautiful, it is not therefore "the most beautiful conceivable." If the rain is falling in gentle showers, do not say it is "pouring in torrents." If you cut your finger, but not much, do not say, "What a fearful gash!" If you are only half pleased, do not say you are "*very* delighted *indeed*." Because you feel hunger, do not say you are "dying for dinner." If you pronounce a dress "simply magnificent," what do you say of the sunset? If a gentleman calls you a cab and you say you are "infinitely obliged," what more could you say if he saved your life! Neither gratitude nor admiration justify exaggeration.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Singer and the King.

"Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—PSALM XXXII. 7.

You have all of you heard of the River Danube, that magnificent stream which takes its rise among the high hills of the Black Forest, flows on through the mountains and rocks and forests of Bohemia, passes the great City of Vienna, waters the rich plains of Hungary, and finally, after a course of nearly 1800 miles, empties itself through a mighty mouth, a thousand square miles in size, into the Black Sea. On the banks of this great river, about forty miles west of Vienna, there stands, and has stood for more than seven hundred years, an ancient castle. In front of it are the swiftly-flowing waters of the river, glittering in the sunlight; behind it are hills covered with vines, and in front of it are other hills, the whole making a scene picturesque and beautiful. In the old days, when lords and ladies filled the land and deeds of chivalry were wrought, the old castle, we may be sure, must have witnessed many a gay scene. There must have been tournaments and jousts, and mock battles between brave knights, on whom fair ladies rained down their kisses and their smiles. The name of this castle was Durrenstein, and a gay place it must have been in those far off days, when lords and ladies, and squires and knights crowded its galleries and feasted in its halls. But, alas! as was so often the case in those old castles, there was not always happiness within its walls. If the castle had its grassy courts where the lords and the ladies walked and played, it had also its prisons and its dungeons. And it is with one of these prisons that our story has to do.

Seven hundred years ago, or nearly so, there lived an English King, with whose name you are, all of you, familiar; I mean Richard of the Lion Heart. He went, as so many kings and knights and nobles went in those days, to fight, as they said, "The Infidel." What they wanted was to recover Palestine, and especially Jerusalem and the "holy places" about it, out of the hand of the Saracen. Now King Richard, like so many brave soldiers and good Christians of his day, had gone forth on what seemed to him this worthy and noble errand. By-and-by the time came when he wished to return to his home, but unluckily for him the ship in which he was sailing was wrecked on the way. The wreck was in the Adriatic—the very sea in which, long centuries before, the Apostle Paul had suffered shipwreck. The coast on which the shipwrecked King was cast turned out to be the Archduchy of Austria, as it was then called, and the Archduke, as it chanced, was Richard's deadliest foe. Accordingly, the King resolved to disguise himself, and travel through the country as quickly as he could. With him was a little page boy, and these two—the King and his little page—set out together to walk through the Archduke's country. Before long they came to a village, and as they were now wanting food the King sent the boy to buy from the people of the village. But the boy, it seems, was rather vain; so he drew on his gloves, and somewhat ostentatiously showed the King's purse. And when the people of the village saw the smart boy and the handsome purse that he held in his hand they said to each other—"This boy surely must belong to some great person." By and by the thing came to the ears of the Duke, and no sooner did he hear the story than he was sure who the stranger was, and gave orders at once for him to be arrested. So poor Richard, instead of getting to his home, was kept a prisoner in Austria, and the prison in which he was kept was in this very Castle of Durrenstein of which I have been telling you. Now, what made matters worse was this, that no one knew where the King was. His friends, therefore, at home could do nothing to release him. His wife, his ministers, his children, all of them, were helpless.

But though the Queen and her ministers were helpless—unable, as it seemed, even to find out where the King had been hidden, there was a poor singer at the court who was resolved that if it were possible he would somehow discover his master. This poor singer's name was Blondel. He loved his master very much, and whatever the cost he determined he would find him. Accordingly he took with him his flute, and set out to sing and play through the countries of Europe that lay between England and the sea where the King had been shipwrecked.

At length, after many a strange adventure, he came to the Danube, and wandering along its banks, to this very castle of Durrenstein. "Possibly," he said to himself, as he looked up at its grey walls, "possibly, my master, the King, is shut up in some room of that old castle." Though, whether or not, Blondel knew there was small chance of a poor singer like he was obtaining admission. He must try some other plan. Accordingly he sat himself down upon a stone outside the castle walls, and taking his flute in his hand began to sing. He sang the first verse of a song he had often sung in the old days with the King, his master. Then he stopped and listened. By and by he heard a voice, coming out from a room high up in the castle. And the voice sang the second verse of the same song. Then Blondel knew the voice was the King's. He could not see the King, nor could the King see him. But though he could not see the King he knew that he had found him; and more than that the King knew that he was found. So Blondel sang again the third verse of the song and then prepared to leave. All he had now to do was to hasten back to England as fast as he could go to declare his news, and get the people there to send the ransom. Thus he, the lowly singer, had compassed the great King about with "songs of deliverance."

Just as the mouse in the fable nibbled at the net that held captive the lion, and so set him free, had this poor minstrel, Blondel, done for his royal master what all the great people in England had been unable to accomplish. From which we may learn that the weakest and most insignificant may often help the greatest and the strongest, and help them sometimes in ways that others, who seem far more powerful, are unable to employ.

But this is not the lesson that I want you especially to learn. This story of the captive King and of the poor singer who set him free by his song, seems to me to contain within it a parable of life. Up and down in the world, all over the lands, are people shut up in prisons—captives in terrible castles and towers. There are cruel tyrants like the Austrian Archduke who keep them enslaved. Sometimes it is the tyrant of ignorance or weakness, sometimes of vice and folly and sin. In any case they are miserable. Now the question is, how are these people to be brought out of their prisons. Many ways there are in which this great work will have to be attempted before it is finally accomplished, and hard work it will be; but there is one way, I think, which is open to us all, and which may be attempted at once—we may encompass them round with "songs of deliverance." We may sing about their prison-houses songs of faith, and hope, and cheerfulness and love. Even people who have not good voices or true ears may sing by their lives, by their cheery ways and words and faces. And such singing will be to the troubled ones what it was to the King—a message of comfort and of love.

When John Bunyan's Pilgrim was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and was almost dead with fear, he heard a voice before him in the darkness, singing. "Though I walk through the shadow of death" it sang, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Then when he heard that he was glad—partly because he knew that he was no longer alone in the valley—partly because he learned that there was someone, even in that horrible place who was able to find God, and to lay hold upon His strength

So what I want now to say to you is this. If you know any poor soul shut up in some dark prison of misery and woe, go near to them, sit down upon some stone beside their prison-house, and sing to them some song of faith and hope and gladness. So to them shall the promise be fulfilled; and you, doing God's work, shall "compass them about with songs of deliverance."

Biographical Addresses.

By THE LATE REV. DR. SADLER.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

III.—*(Continued.)*

The volume of sacred poems by which he is best known was published in two parts—one in 1650, when he was 29 years old; the other five years later. In the preface to the first part he states that there are some passages the history or reason of which may seem remote, and that he thinks there would be no advantage in quieting curiosity by narrating their origin; but he mentions one thing,—that the work was near being posthumous, that he had been nigh unto death and still believed himself to be not far off, and that when, by God's help, he had prepared for a message of death, there came an answer of life. This experience helped doubtless to give to the book its religious and elevated tone,—not taking away his cheerfulness, but leading him to look less to those things which are seen and temporal, and more to those things which are unseen and eternal. He thought it little "to leave the world when it leaves us," but it is something to be willing to lay by the garland of life when it is still fresh and bright. In a singularly striking poem on the world, he says:

"I saw eternity the other night
Like a great *ring* of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd."

Then describing various objects to which men devote their lives, he adds:

"Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soar'd up into the *ring*;
But most would use no wing.
O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!"

At about the same time he prepared a little book of devotions and meditations, under the title of "The Mount of Olives;" and a little later, in 1654, he published what he calls "Flowers of Solitude," consisting chiefly of translations of essays which had been strength and consolation to himself, and which, he says, were "collected in sickness and retirement." Yet, we must not suppose that he abandoned his profession; for in 1655, a year after the publication of the last named volume, he translated a work on "Hermetical Physic," or the art of healing on the principles of true philosophy, on which was grounded the Paysick of Hermes.

This book is a striking illustration of a notable fact which is not always sufficiently borne in mind—that while those writings which appeal to the conscience and the heart may lose none of their worth and power by the lapse of centuries, the writings which embody the knowledge and opinion of their author become obsolete in a short time. Of all books, books of science are those which most need constant revision to keep them up to the intelligence of the age. Henry Vaughan's poems are read by us with unabated

interest, and much that is said in them seems to us as true and beautiful as anything that could be said on the subjects of which they treat; but, when we turn to the work which represents his views of the medical profession, by which he gained his livelihood, we are astoundad at the ignorance and credulity with which we meet in almost every page. Whether he speaks of the radical balsam on which depend the integrity and soundness of the body; the confection of juniper and vipers, or the theriac of mummy, which was to be a preservative against all poisons; the star of man or the philosopher's stone, to be taken in the spring and autumn; the effect of measles and divers other extrusions, as relieving us of the original impurity of the body; the astral emunctions and arsenical vapours which produce distraction, phrensies, plurisies, and plague; or dilates on the necessity on the part of the physician of his being "an achemist, skilful in all spagirical operations." The healing of bodily disease was the work of Henry Vaughan's life—religion, morals, poetry occupied him in his leisure. But while his little volume of poems may be read to-day with as much advantage and pleasure as when first published, it may fairly be questioned whether the sick to whom he ministered would not have been quite as well off without his services.

It was probably at the time when his heart was touched with bereavement and sickness, that he became acquainted with a work which did much to form his character and to quicken and give direction to his poetical genius,—I mean the poems of George Herbert, to whom indeed he appears to have been related, though distantly, by marriage. Some have placed these two men in a position of rivalry by contending for the superiority of one over the other; and the palm has been assigned to each in turn. I think there are more lines in Herbert which have fixed themselves on my memory; but there are perhaps "grander lines and phrases" in Vaughan, more of that imagination which "bodies forth the forms of things unknown." I cannot, however, bring myself to anything like "an invidious comparison" between these men, whose works are both so good, and so much akin, and to whom I am drawn by an equal love. Rather would I let the younger, by some 30 years, tells us what he owed to the elder. Referring in "The Mount of Olives," to patterns of holy living, he says: "I shall propose but one to you (Mr. George Herbert, of blessed memory), the most obedient son that ever his mother had, and yet a most glorious true saint and seer." Vaughan adds in a note: "See his incomparable prophetic poems." And a like tribute is paid in verse:

"Dear friend! whose holy, ever-living lives
Have done much good
To many, and have checkt my blood,
My fierce, wild blood, that still heaves and inclines,
But is still tamed,
By those bright fires which thee inflamed;
Here I join hands, and thrust my stubborn heart
Into thy deed,
There from no duties to be freed."

Among the various passages in which he refers to George Herbert, there is one which reminds us of the saying of Milton, that he who would write true poetry must himself strive to *be* a poem: "He that desires to excel in this kind of hagiography, or holy writing, must strive, by all means, for perfection and true holiness, that 'a door may be opened to him in heaven' (Rev. iv. 1), and then he will be able to write, with Hierotheus, and holy Herbert, a true hymn."

During the last thirty-nine years of Vaughan's life, nothing was published from his pen excepting some miscellaneous poems edited by a friend, and possibly the preface to an "Essay on Coins." This long silence on the part of one who could speak so well may seem strange; but there are two or three things which perhaps may account for it. His health was certainly broken for several years, and probably never fully re-established. In the dedication to the "Flowers of solitude," he speaks of them as a few flowers plucked early because of the uncertainty of life, and "a peevish, inconstant state of health" would not suffer him to wait for more. Moreover, he became exceedingly scrupulous as to what might be left behind him in writing, for he said, "He that writes *idle books* makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins after death as fast and as foul as ever he did in his life." He objected not only to books that had poison in them, but also to such as contained "*weak* and *lean* conceptions." He confessed that he himself had been for some time afflicted with the disease of writing; and

on his recovery he made a great point of suppressing his follies, though the volume of 1646, to which he refers, seems innocent enough, and not unworthy of preservation. Add to these things the recollection of favourite maxims of his respecting practical usefulness, and it is not, I think, difficult to understand how what seemed that large but simple field of doing good which was before him as a country doctor should have more attraction for him than the walks of literature or the heights of poetry.

When, in his 74th year, the end came there were gifted pens ready to tell of the honour in which he was held; but he had set them all aside by himself writing the few words which were to be inscribed on his tomb, and they were these:

"An unprofitable servant,
A chief of sinners,
Here I lie.
Glory! Have mercy on me."

But as we think of that quiet grave, a flower which he had culled blooms over it: "As those who travel in uneven and mountainous roads need to sit down and recover their breath, that having reached the brow and crown of the hill they may walk onwards with more delight, so this life of trouble and tumult hath need of the rest of death, as a state in which it doth repair and strengthen itself against the fair journey and progress of eternity." Nor can I help recalling the following words from his own pen: "The fame of holy men—like the kingdom of God—is 'a seed that grows secretly;' the dew that feeds these plants comes from Him that 'sees in secret, but rewards openly.' They are those trees of the poet—

Which silently, and by none seen,
Grow great and green."

The works of Henry Vaughan have been collected in four volumes; but, as I have already implied, one small volume contains the essence and living spirit of the whole. It has the modest title of "Silex Scintillaris," a flint giving forth sparks. He regarded himself as the flint out of which God had struck some sparks, which he hoped might be useful to others, as they had been to himself. Of this volume I can say that it is one of the last I should be willing to lose from my library. There are many views in it with which most of us are not in sympathy; but there is also much which goes to the heart of virtue and piety. We should, I think, wish to know more about it if only for those lines:

"They are all gone into the world of light,
I see them walking in an air of glory."

The religion that breathes in this little book has all the qualities ascribed to it by Dr. John Brown: "It is deep, lively, personal, tender, kindly, impassioned, temperate, central."

I will conclude by reading a single poem, embodying the thought which Wordsworth has so marvellously wrought out in his grand "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Childhood."

The Lake poet was well acquainted with the "Silex Scintillaris;" but there is no reason to suppose that an idea so in harmony with his nature and thought was borrowed from the Silurist. We may rather believe it had a separate birth in the mind of each. The title of the poem is "The Retreat."

"Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk't above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my soul to wound
My conscience with a single sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this flesh'ly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plane,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shaded city of palm trees.
But, ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came return."

Let no purpose pass current from thy heart, till God hath set on it His stamp and seal of approbation.